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#1

THE FLYING QUILL

An Illustrated Amateur

APR 29 1944

Vol. 1 No. 4



Historical Event: Swimming was introduced in Scotland about the time toll bridges were. -*Judge*

#2

THE FLYING QUILL

An Illustrated Amateur

X-PN 482 APR 29 1944

EDITED AND PRINTED BY CLARENCE WALTON

VOL. 2 NO. 2

NOVEMBER 1933

CHESS

Games may come and games may go but the one that seems to go on forever without change is that oldest of games-- Chess.

True, in these days of outdoor sports and other attraction, young people seem to have no time in which to learn this very fine intellectual game, and yet undoubtedly a knowledge of chess would be a help to the athletic fan.

Among other things it teaches carefulness; to look on all sides of a contemplated move before making it.

#3

THE FLYING QUILL

An Illustrated Amateur

EDITED AND PRINTED BY CLARENCE WALTON

Volume 1 Number 8

APRIL 1933

Sunnyside Gardens

Monroe, N. C.



THE FLYING QUILL #4

X-PN 4827



LIBRARY OF SCHOOLS
APR 29 1944

EDITED AND PRINTED
BY CLARENCE W. WALTON
MONROE, N. C.

Volume 2 Number 1

JULY 1933

Primitive Money

THE AMERICAN INDIANS

by Newby Crowell

In these times of depression and fluctuating values it is pleasing to think of the old days when sea shells were used for money and nobody complained.

The Indian used these as money before and after the white invasion and it was a universal medium of exchange. There were plenty of shells and the demand was constant, but no one could become rich because it was hard to make. However the savage was not greedy and used most of his wampum for ornament.

-Continued on next page

PN 4827
H5

U. A. P. A.

◆ F A B L E S ◆

VOL. I. MARCH 1934 NO. 1.

LIGHT

APR 29 1944

Alone, and dying, in a dismal cell,
Amid the tractless wastes of desert land
Where setting sun brought surcease from the hell
Of scorching heat upon the desert sand.

Darkness—and phantoms in the darkness danced,
Grim, ugly spectres, to a tortured mind
Advanced, receeded, and again advanced,
Became with other shadows then entwined.

Unbearable—this darkness of despair,
And yet would shine no more the morning light.
A few short hours more of pain to bear,
Before the soul to Heaven took its flight.

A candle stub lay on the barren floor,
A single match upon a dusty shelf;
Light! Light! The fevered mind implored,
And gave no thought to other than itself.

The palsied fingers trembled as they held
The precious match unto the candle's end;
And eyes with rapture glowed as they beheld
The light that caused the darkness to unbend.

Life's golden days of happiness recalled,
The while the candle burned upon the floor;
Once more the tortured mind was held enthralled
With fancies of the by-gone distant, yore.

The candle sputtered and the light was gone;
A soul departed on the wings of night:
And with the coming of the desert dawn,
But desert void remained to greet the light.

—FRANKLIN S. MILLER

X-PN 4827

#6

U. A. P. A.

◆ F A B L E S ◆

VOL. I. MARCH 1934 NO. 1.

APR 29 1944

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—FRANKLIN S. MILLER

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#7

FABLES

For December 1934

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 26 1934

FABLE OF THE TWO APPLES

Once upon a time an apple tree grew in an orchard. In the course of time many little green apples appeared on this tree. Most of them were normal in every way; but a few there were with black spots. Two of these were marked especially bad. They were called Johnny Rep and Jimmy Dem, and they dedicated their lives to politics. As time rolled on they became big red political apples; but as they grew, so grew the bad spots too until they were hard and deformed.

These two apples, being political apples, became very calloused and watched the other apples lead normal lives, become ripe and one by one fall from the tree—thence to Apple Heaven, or wherever it is that good apples go when they fall from the tree.

Johnny Rep and Jimmy Dem were too hard to be affected as were the ordinary apples and so clung to their branches long past their allotted time laughing at the frailties of their self-elected flock, but giving consideration to nothing but their own selfish ambitions.

But alas! Eventually the forces of Nature got in their work; and Johnny and Jimmy, still clinging to their branches, were frozen, and rotted on on the stem, thus losing what small chance they ever had of being like other apples and going to Apple Heaven or Apple Hell—or wherever it is that good apples go.

MORAL: No matter whether you're an Elephant or a Jackass, you don't stand much chance if you get into politics.—FRANKLIN S. MILLER

By the way- - -

Now that Amateur Journalism seems to be getting away from its avowed intentions—maybe it might be a good idea if the ones who publish papers formed their own organization and ran things their own way for a change instead of being controlled and held down by a bunch of political drones.

Don't nominate me for any office tho, for I don't want it and won't have it. I'd rather be where I could cuss the other fellow, than where the other fellow could cuss me.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1940

FANTASY-NEWS

THE WEEKLY SCIENCE FICTION NEWSPAPER

VOLUME 3 - NUMBER 15 -o- OCTOBER 1 1939 -o- WHOLE NUMBER 67

NEW FANDOM TO BE PRINTED\ FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE TO BE SPECIAL PRINTED JOB\

- - - - - -

Excellent contents to be presented\

- - - - - -

o TODAY we received complete information as to NEW FANDOM's newest project. It's to print the First Anniversary Issue of NEW FANDOM (the 7th issue). THERE is a particular significance to this announcement, that being that the forthcoming printed issue of NEW FANDOM will be the first printed fan journal of such size in almost a year. At least since the decease of TOMORROW, English printed journal, and according to specifications it will be BIGGER than TOMMORROW was by quite a few pages. HERE are the specifications: 20 large size printed pages, on a good grade of paper, linotyped in 10 point. There will probably be a cover by a professional artist and there will also be cuts of the leading influences behind NEW FANDOM. Material is of the finest quality we have yet heard. The lead article claimed to be the BEST AND LONGEST ARTI-

(cont. P. 2 - Col 1)

IN MEMORIAN

K. RUSSEL MILLER

o THIS issue is respectfully dedicated to the memory of K Russel Miller of Millheim, Pennsylvania, who was stricken with a fatal heart attact ten days ago. K RUSSEL MILLER will be remembered as one of the founders of the now-famous "BIZARRE SERIES". Miller together with Richard Frank of the same city had already turned out the first in the series, "Three Lines Of Old French" by A. Merritt in the form of a petite little booklet. MILLER was part owner, reporter and copy writer on Millheim Pennsylvania's only newspaper. He died at the tragically young age of 21, with his entire life yet before him. NOTHING is known as to whether or not the BIZARRE SERIES will be carried on by his partner Richard Frank. CHARLES D HORNIG, dear friend of K Russel Miller forwarded this information to us, and as this is being written he will be in Millheim, Pa. attending the funeral.

ooo

THE VISASCREEN

. . . . . .

o FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, which will feature new stories along with the old classics, has accepted "Son of the Stars", by Eando Binder - - UNKNOWN has taken Manly Wade Wellman's "When it was Moonlight", a weird story based on Edgar Allen Poe - - Speaking of Wellman, he's written a new novel with an idea more startling than the one he used in "Giants from Eternity". - - A new female author will soon make her debut in ASTOUNDING. Name, Leigh Brackett: Acceptances, "Martian Quest" and "Treasure of Ptakuth" - - Also due again in ASTOUNDING are P. Schuyler Miller with "In the Good Old Summertime" and Harl Vincent with "Neutral Vessel."

STF YARN NAMED "THE NEW ADAM" PUBLISHED IN CANADA

by F.W.Thompson
-Canadian reporter-

. . . . . .

o I HAVE just run across one of the best little stf novel I have read for a long time. The title is "THE NEW ADAM" written by a new Canadian nov-

(cont P. 2 - Col. 2)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF #9
NOV 29 1939

FAME MONEY MAKING GUIDE

Vol. 1 No. 5 ◇ Lathrop, California ◇ August 1939 ◇ 25c per Year

THE GUIDE TO A FULL PURSE

50 Envelopes Printed 20c. Harold, 6816 DeCelis, Van Nuys, Calif.

Your circulars carefully mailed for mutual satisfaction. Trial 300 folded to 3x6 mailed for 25c. The Wonder Mailing Service, 1543 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Don't Hesitate! Don't Procrastinate! Send that stamp now for the 12 samples of our illustrated imprint circulars that pay over 60 per cent profit. Big mail of profitable ideas and offers included free. C. J. Linton & Co., 2110 W. Kentucky St., Louisville, Ky.

Big Interesting Mail 3c stamp. Mention paper. Paramount Distributors, Box 864, Denver, Colo.

START A WHOLESALE

Greeting Card Business of your own. Have agents work for you like all the large concerns. We furnish agents sample outfits and all necessary supplies. Complete working plan free.

NU-ART STUDIOS
New Brunswick, New Jersey

When writing to advertisers, mention Fame Money Making Guide. Thank!

Opportunities Galore! Four ounce packet, magazines, papers, general 10c. Sam Gibbs, 529 W. 142th, New York, N. Y.

Hello, Detroit calling—are you listening? Only one 2c stamp will bring you the latest and best money making propositions also a big mail every month. Carter Mailing Service, 3093 St. Jean Ave., Detroit, Mich.

100 Order Bringing Circulars Free. Advertising merchandise used by millions. Stamp name in space provided, mail to girls and women. 40 per cent profit on all orders filled direct. Stamp brings 100 free circulars. A. L. Bender, Adams St., Olean, N. Y.

Why Grunt and Groan? Buy Joy. A thin dime brings you just this. G. A. Pitts, The Mail Order Man, 425 California, Los Angeles, Calif.

Why Pay up to One Dollar

for plans? Get my book containing hundreds of home business plans, formulas, supply sources. Gives advertising advice, postal information. Invaluable to mail dealers. 25c postpaid.

Austin M. Jones
271 So. 2nd West, Cedar City, Utah

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#10

The Folder

APR 29 1944

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL AND GOVERNMENT RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

Felicitations

NUMBER 1 JUNE, 1940

MY PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

The best candidate for the presidency is not necessarily the one who would make the best president, because the first requisite of a candidate is to be elected and some of the men who would make good presidents could not possibly be elected. For example, Wendell L. Willkie in my opinion would make a very good president but a terribly poor candidate. You can just imagine the smearing he would get from the silvery tongued "My Friends." To elect Willkie as president would require an intelligent electorate and we have anything else but.

On the Democratic side, only one man has a chance of election, because he made it his business to smash down anyone who lifted his head above the crowd. Roosevelt can be nominated and he will accept if the chances of election seem good. It is my honest opinion that if Roosevelt is re-elected, it will be the last election we will ever have in this country although we may be permitted to go to the polls the same as in Germany or Mexico. The only Democrat I could vote for would be Garner, and that because he would send out of Washington by the first train the motley crew of college boys who are playing at running a government and having a swell time spending your money and mine.

On the Republican side my favorite candidate is Dewey, because in his speeches so far he is not pulling his punches and that is the only kind of campaign that can hope to win. If the Republicans nominate a Taft or a Vanden-

X-PN 4827

#12

Felicitations

NUMBER 1 JUNE 1940

APR 29 1944

MY PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

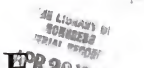
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#13



THE FINALE

Vol. 1. No. 1. JULY, 1941

Editor, Marion Blodgett
93 Mercer St., N. Y. C.

Recently, I mailed out over 500 copies of VALEDICTORY, Vol. 1, No. 1., to members and ex-members of NAPA. The magazine told the story behind the discontinuance of HODGE PODGE and the LITERARY RECORD. It also told part (and only part) of the queer antics of the glory-printers Babcock, Trainer and the lamentable Andersen. Much to my surprise, I have learned that some members of the NAPA are really interested in the story of the deliberate suppression of these two magazines and of the ill-treatment accorded Margaret Nickerson Martin, Editor of the LITERARY RECORD and of myself and my magazine, HODGE PODGE.

Letters are pouring in from all parts of the country, thanking me for my expose' of conditions in the NAPA and for throwing light upon the past performances of some of its highest-ranking members. Many of these letters have other stories to tell about the ill-treatment of other writers and editors and of the adroit suppression of the work of writers other than Margaret Nickerson Martin. That the Association is clique-ridden is an open secret. It now becomes apparent that the clique is far more powerful than any of us had reason to suspect. The members of this clique have conspired to suppress each and every aspiring writer, especially if that writer received a little praise from one of the editors or critics not in the clique.

What in the world is the sense of using up so much effort to recruit members all over the country, and then, immediately forcing these members out by black-guarding and berating them? If those in the driver's seat wish to keep the Association to themselves, why don't they just do so and save all the anguish caused by their present and past tactics? It is not at all surprising that persons of the type of Hadley Smith and of the mental calibre of George Trainer desire to use the Association for their measly little "political" schemes. Not at all! What is surprising is that they go to so much trouble to lure in unsuspecting writers and editors who have no idea of what is going on and who have no interest in their piffling schemes. Why do they not conserve their energies? The time and effort now given up to recruiting could be used to produce plain and fancy back-biting, and thus they would not be deflected from their main interest in life.

But to return to the letters that are now arriving in such quantities. The few that are given here, are typical of the many and cover the same ground, for the most part. Space limitations make it necessary for me to select only such letters as deal directly with subjects covered in VALEDICTORY, Vol. 1, No. 1. There are quite a number of letters that do not bear either directly or indirectly upon the subjects under discussion. Some of these are of the most interesting nature, but unfortunately, they cannot be given in this issue of THE FINALE.

2759 A Street
Lincoln, Neb.

Marion Blodgett,
New York City

Dear Madam;

Today, upon arriving home from my office, I found a copy of your VALEDICTORY, Vol. 1. No. 1. had arrived in the mail and I neglected everything else until I had read it from cover to cover.

The difficulties you have had with Trainer and Andersen are a revelation to me, to say the least. I had not realized that affairs in the NAPA had come to such a pass. But your charges give me an inkling of the reasons why the NAPA has lost such talented members as Margaret Nickerson Martin, Miriam I. Kimball and Natalie Hartley Wooley, authors whose articles I enjoyed publishing. Also, I learn the reason for the suspension of HODGE PODGE, a paper that was always welcome and appreciated here.

My cold-blooded removal from the office of Official Editor by Bradofsky in 1935, because of delay in getting out the September *National Amateur* (a delay due to conditions

X-PN 4827

#14

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X-PN 6N2

Spring
1942

Vol. 1
No. 6

THE LIBRARY U
#15

FLASHES

From The Pen Of An Amateur

Vol. 1 | Fall, 1937 | No. 1

A New-comer and The AAPA

THIS is Kunde speaking, a member of only a few month's standing in the AAPA, and so this page will be given over to view my airs about this and that concerning the organization. . . . The arrival of the previous mailings have always filled me with journalistic enthusiasm, and many pleasant evenings were spent reading the writings and efforts of my fellow members. Determined not to be left out of the pleasures and enjoyment of literary expression, I set to work editing this issue which I hope will meet with your earnest approval. . . .

I have learned much about journalism since joining the association five months ago, and I wish to do my part toward making the American what the organizers had hoped for. I will resolve now to publish, contribute, and recruit regularly and wisely. If the rest of you newer members all pledge your support to the officers and journalists, we will keep the association progressive and its success will be certain.

The American Advocate

X-PN 4827

#16

The Flirt

March 1943

#17

The Feather Duster

Number 1 | Toledo, Ohio | July 1943

Just A Moment, Please!

THROUGH THE CONNIVANCE of Hadley Smith and Sesta Mathieson I became a member of the NAPA last year and have received the bundle regularly ever since. Yes, more than that, I have been the recipient of beautiful examples of amateur writing and printing by craftsmen such as Burton Crane, Tim Thrift, Ora Stark and Frank Batchelder. And, an added voice to the chorus of welcome was that of Willametta Turnepseed who so thoughtfully contributed a copy of Burton J. Smith's "History of the National Amateur Press Association."

These tokens of good-will and demonstrations of high interest in the "Prince of Hobbies" by such gracious, newly-found friends impel me to make a small contribution to the bundle of the NAPA as a mark of appreciation. You must look for nothing beyond the limits of mediocrity—that curse resting upon so many of God's creatures—but the effort will be enjoyable for this amateur, anyway.

At once you may wonder why a medical man should be interested in amateur journalism. While it is true that most physicians have a hobby, very few are actively engaged in amateur publishing. So,

Ronald Rine
X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
OCT 5 1943
DIVISION OF ACCESSIONS
JUL 3 1934
413

The Feather Duster

Number 1 | Toledo, Ohio | July 1943

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X-PN 4827

The Feather Duster

Number 2 | Toledo, Ohio | Aug. 1943

See What A Little Dusting Does!

LETTERS LIKE THESE make a new member of the National Amateur Press Association feel quite at home and they are exhibited as evidence of the fraternal spirit existing in amateur journalism.

"The 'Feather Duster' is an ideal little amateur paper and you are to be congratulated, both as printer and editor. I know just how you felt when you unpacked that press from Kelsey in 1939, for it was only a few years before that when I was undergoing a similar experience, after being away from the hobby of printing for more than twenty-five years. When I dropped amateur journalism in 1910, due to a press of other interests, I missed most of all my printing press which had been sold to Ed. Hill, and on which, last year, he was to produce the revived "Stylus." When the opportunity came again to delve in printing I got in touch with Snow at Kelsey and secured a 6x9 side-lever press. After using this for several years on off-side printing (not amateur journalism) I found my arm was bothering me and invested in a 7x11 foot-power press. It was then I renewed my interest in a. j. I hope the 'Feather Duster' will enjoy a long life in amateur journalism. And I have a hunch that with this beginning you will ere long expand into a 5x7 that will be giving some of the 'boys' a run for their money." From Tim Thrift, Editor of "The Aonian."

"Accept my thanks for the July issue of your paper,

#20

X-PN 4527

The Feather Duster



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JAN 17 194

Number Four
December 1943

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 6 1945
COPY GIFT

The FAIRY STONE

Vol. 1 *Autumn, 1943* *No. 4*

Pray For Me

Across the sky I write these words
For all the world to see:
When comes the time for you to kneel,
O, neighbor, pray for me.

When life is closing prison bars
And hiding every key,
Across my heart I write these words...
O, neighbor, pray for me.

—Katherine Kennon Rucker.

The FLAGS

1172

X-PN 4827
E. Snyder, APR 29 1944
MARINETTE ARIZONA
Publisher.

No. 9

Ad Rate 4¢ A Word In 10,000 Copies
All Advertising is cash no Exchanging
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100 copies of THE FLAGS with your name and address printed on title page as publisher for 20¢. You keep 50% of all advertising, and Subscriptions you secure. You keep all money from all Ads printed in RED.
You keep 50% of returns from this Ad.
(Publisher)

Amateur Press Ass'n.
Rare Book Room

#23

X-PN 4827

The Feather Duster



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
FEB 18 1944

Number Five
February 1944

H74

X-PN 4827

The Feather Duster



Number Six
May - 1944

#75

X-PN 4827

The Feather Duster



Number VII

July - 1944

#126

X-PN 4827

The FEATHER DUSTER



OCTOBER 1944

X-PN 4827

#27

THE FORERUNNER

Of the "Meriden Magazine"
1600-63 Des Moines, Iowa

5c Copy **25c Year**



Build me your house, beloved—
I'll build you your home.

X-PN 4827

#28

FALLING STARS

VOL. I WINTER 1944 No. 1

FALLING STARS

Headlong thru the void they plunge enwrapped in utter black
Startled planets with them swerve on weird eccentric track
Spirals and parabolas against a Sable sky
Falling stars from Heaven forge, they quickly flare and die.
Across the tractless depths of space,
Eternal, lonely flight,
Coming whence no man can tell
They speed thru endless night.
Origin and destiny a mystery unknown
Enigma of the universe, by which God's might is shown
Man stands in awe at sight of them
He feels alone and small
And with them but in different ways
Adores the God of all.

—J.L.S.

★ ★ ★

~PN 4827 #29

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JOURNAL RECORD
JUN 2 1945
COPY

FLORIDA Amateur Journalist

Florida Chapter - American Amateur Press Association

Higdon Elected President; New Constitution Adopted

In spite of a sharp drop in attendance, the third meeting of AAPA's Florida chapter held in Miami a few days after Christmas lasted until well after midnight.

Assembling at the home of Mrs. John Paul Fox, eight members elected new officers, adopted a constitution and prepared several resolutions.

Raymond Higdon was elected president; Leland Hawes, Jr., vice president; Miss Muriel Copinus, secretary; Mrs. Fox, treasurer and Ed Wall, official editor.

A resolution calling on Helen Wesson, who attended the chapter's first meeting last June and who is now living in Starke, Florida, to forget her grievances with certain AAPA members and return to activity was passed unanimously.

Another resolution censuring Linton Clark for his attacks on Mrs. Wesson was with one dissenting vote.

Wall introduced a resolution calling on the AAPA directors to take action toward prohibiting advertising in amateur journals circulated through the bundles, with the exception of the official organ. It was passed unanimously. The AAPA head then explained that he had already personally asked the directors to take such action, adding that a favorable outcome was expected.

It was decided to extend best wishes to the New Jersey chapter and particularly to its acting president, Floyd Ackerman, for his "fine work as secretary of the AAPA."

Chapter charters have now been printed, Wall disclosed. He said he had been in close contact with Ray Higgs, clubs and chapters manager, who was reportedly preparing to issue the charters very soon to chapters in New Jersey, Missouri and Fla.

"There have been many chapters organized in the AAPA," Wall declared, "but take a look at the roster. Back in 1940 there were units in Milwaukee, Michigan, Green Bay, Alabama, Syracuse, Texas, Kankakee, the Tennessee Valley

(Continued on Page 4)

#30

Felicitations

NUMBER 4 DECEMBER, 1945

My First Long Walk

When I was a young girl, the most fascinating walk was along Pottstown's main street to the vicinity of the well-known Hill School, a preparatory for boys. By the time you arrived home again you had had a good walk. My usual companions were four beautiful girls. You could always glance boldly or shyly at any of the boys who might be out promenading the street, and pretend you didn't see them looking at you, although you had already announced to the girls which boy of a group you preferred. Holiday time usually meant vacation for the boys, so on a particular New Year's Day the five of us walked on past the Hill School in search of anything interesting. The weather was more like spring than a winter day, and we were enjoying this novelty immensely.

Some one rashly suggested walking to the residence of one of our high school teachers, which was out in the country quite a distance. We did that, just to wish her a Happy New Year. Then we thought it would be fun to continue on that road. After a while we had gone so far along country lanes that we had not the faintest idea of what town we were in. A man came walking toward us, and we were sure he would be able to give us some information. When he reached us we asked: "Will you please tell us where we are?" I remember all that giggling and laughter over his re-

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The FEATHER DUSTER



JANUARY 1945

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A32

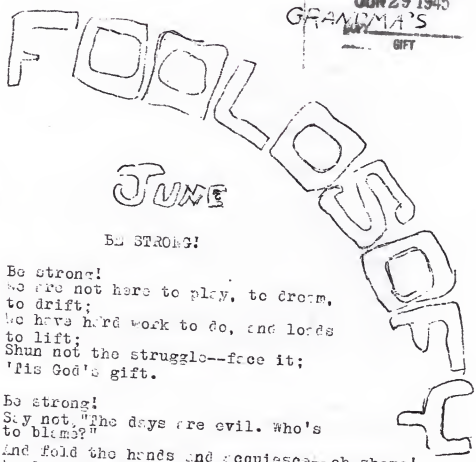
The Feather Duster

DECEMBER 1945



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#37
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GRANDMA'S
GIFT



BE STRONG!

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream,
to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads
to lift;
Shun not the struggle--face it;
'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not, "The days are evil. Who's
to blame?"
And fold the hands and acquiesce--oh shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely
in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not--fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

--Maltbie Davenport Babcock

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GIFT

FALLING STARS

VOL. I INDIAN SUMMER, 1945 No. 3

"HEARTACHE"

I don't know how to ask you
If my live is all in vain
Nor can I work beside you
And hide the heart-felt pain.
For I shall always love you
And soon, (for we must part)
You'll have to know the longing
That dwells within my heart.
If you could care a little
And let me know you do—
These fears I keep inside me
Would vanish in the blue
Somehow I know the answer
I've known it from the start
That I can never hold you close
Nor chance to win your heart
Now numbness creeps within me
I feel no pain—no sting
My mind is barely conscious
Of any living thing.
My heart cries out to ask of you,
"When shall we be together?"
The voice of conscience warns my heart—
NEVER—NEVER—NEVER!

—J.L.S.

★ ★ ★

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H35

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

FALLING STARS

VOL. I SPRING 1945 No. 2

APRIL

Do you sense the joys that linger, 'bout us everywhere?
Do you feel the melancholy, floating in the air?
Can't you feel the breath of summer, and the beauty of the day?
All these things are here to tell us, APRIL'S on her way.

April with her sudden showers, and her spicy morning dew
April with her new born flowers, and vast skies of brilliant hue
April with your blue birds singing—to lovers passing—two by two
You all earthly gladness bringing, to our hearts the glad and true.

April, you make me feel so happy
And then you make me feel so blue—
Please don't haunt me with your beauty
For MY heart knew April too!

—J. L. S.

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#36

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"Presents"

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JUN 21 1946

FANTASY COMMENTATOR

...covering the field of imaginative literature...

A. Langley Searles
editor and publisher

contributing editors:
William H. Evans, Thyril L. Ladd, Sam Moskowitz,
Matthew H. Onderdonk, Richard Witter

Vol. I, No. 10 ---oOo--- Spring 1946

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A. Langley Searles
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William H. Evans, Thyril L. Ladd, Sam Moskowitz,
Matthew H. Onderdonk, Richard Witter

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3RD ANN. ISH.

FANEWS

PACIFICON SPECIAL

- JULY 2, 1946 -

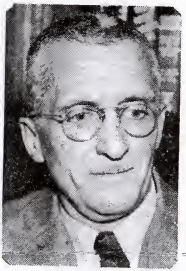
Published at: 1443 4th Ave. South, Fargo, North Dakota by Walter Dunkelberger.

NAMES AND FACES IN THE NUZ



Pictured at the left is Walter J. Daugherty, Chairman of the Fourth World Science Fiction Convention. Popular LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION! columnist in FANEWS, he is also Editor-Publisher of FAN.

At the right is E. E. Evans, former N. F. F. F. President, in charge of N. F. F. F. relations with the Pacificon. Popularly known as Th' Ol' Foo, Everett is Editor-Publisher of TIME BINDER.



"FANDOM'S TOP FANS - NO. 1 & NO. 2 FACES"



For years these gentlemen have raced nip and tuck for top place on the rosters of fandom. We present them to you.

* * *

Forrest J Ackerman at the left (pictured in his uniform), Editor-Publisher of the forum of fandom - VOM.

* * *

At the right is Bob Tucker, Editor-Publisher of LeZombie and compiler of many biblios of fan interest.

* * *

We hesitate to name which is first as there might have been another poll since we went to press.



5TH WORLD STF-CON IN PHILADELPHIA - 1947

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#47

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Florida Sun

Robert Telschow, Editor-Printer, 3 Weber Ct., Daytona Beach, Fla.
Affiliated with National Amateur Press Association, The Fossils and United Amateur Press Alumni Association.

No. 1. Daytona Beach, Florida, April, 1946 ★★★★★

BOB PRINTS AGAIN!

HELLO, EVERYBODY! We hope you'll like THE FLORIDA SUN. We decided not to continue PLEASANT MOMENTS as we felt that in starting a new life in Florida we want to share with our readers "the feel" of being here; to partake with us of the sunshine, the incomparable scent of orange blossoms; to visualize strange fruits, many different kinds of palm trees and giant live oaks fantastically draped with fuzzy clumps of Spanish moss; to imagine you're present with us on a beach of firmly packed snowwhite sand five hundred feet wide at low tide; and of course you'll want to come along on our fishing trips and automobile tours. Perhaps you may even think of seeking the fountain of youth which Ponce de Leon is said to have sought and found more than four hundred years ago, but which thousands of aged persons come to rediscover each year.

We do not aim to become an adjunct of chambers of commerce in spreading propaganda; we will attempt to describe life in the Sunshine State as we find it. Amateur journalism has contributed largely toward the happiness of the editor over a long term of years. This, of course, has much to do with the launching of THE FLORIDA SUN.

Highway Tragedies

ORMOND, FLA., Feb. 21—Crossing the Halifax river bridge at this place to the eastern shore our car turned into the John Anderson Highway which runs parallel to the river for fifteen miles or more. For some distance it is a beautiful palm bordered road with imposing residential estates flanking the east side. Further on the highway winds thru a dense jungle in which wild life still exists. It was on this stretch of the road that we saw a rabbit, a fox and a pelican, all highway fatalities.

K-PN 4127

#44

The Feather Duster

MARCH 1946



X-PN 4827 #45

The Feather Duster

JUNE 1946



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The Feather Duster

SEPTEMBER 1946



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#47

The FEATHER DUSTER

December . . . *Nineteen Forty-six*

A-PN 4827

H43

FALLING STARS

VOL 2 SPRING 1946 No. 1

ODE TO APRIL

Your breezes are the rarest
Of all the treats of Spring.
Your flowers are the fairest
That any month can bring.
With your garland bedecked woodlands,
And rainbow painted sky,
With your dew bespangled grasslands
And birds awing on high
You scatter love and friendship
Thru village dale and farm—
The world is awed with wonder
At your everlasting charm.
I note the anxious lovers who,
Are here to welcome May,
But I am mighty happy
That APRIL passed this way!

—Jeanne Laurette Sullivan

★ ★ ★

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FANEWS

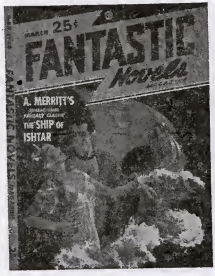
Published "Whenever the News warrants it" by Walter Dunkelberger at 1443 Fourth Avenue South, Fargo, North Dakota. 10c per copy; 12 for $1.00.
December 21, 1947 A FANEWS Publication Whole No. 338

F.N. IS BACK!

TO REPRINT MUNSEY CLASSICS

New York City, Dec. 5.—The best Christmas present that could possibly be given to science fiction addicts is on its way.

FANTASTIC NOVELS will reappear on the news stands January 21st, 1948, in response to continuous popular demand. While you can't see the magazine for a while take a glimpse of the half-tone reproduction of the first FINLAY cover.



The first issue, March, will feature that fantasy gem, "Ship of Ishtar" by A. Merritt (greatest fantasy writer of all time), and the novel will be illustrated by the greatest fantasy artist, Virgil Finlay, (cover and interiors).

The policy of FANTASTIC NOVELS will be a reprint policy, a radical change from Popular Publications' house policy, yielding to popular demand. At a great deal of expense the great "Munsy" stories, those shining jewels of fantasy that appeared years ago in the publications of the Frank Munsey company, will be published once more, every other month, beginning **NOW!**

Fandom has cried for this for **years** ——now it has gotten its wish—let's all reserve at least two copies, at 25c each, at our favorite news stand today.

DUNK SEZ: Well, gang, if we support FN and prove that we back up what we ask for maybe we can get ASTONISHING STORIES and SUPER SCIENCE back on the stands. Maybe even SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY.

— F —



Charles Burbee

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A50

The FEATHER DUSTER

December . . *Nineteen Forty-seven*

FEB 4 1947

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F A N T A S Y C O M M E N T A T O R

X-PN 4827

...covering the field of imaginative literature...

A. Langley Searles
editor and publisher

contributing editors:
William H. Evans, Thyril L. Ladd, Sam Moskowitz,
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FEB 13 1947

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FANTASY COMMENTATOR

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...covering the field of imaginative literature...

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FANTASY COMMENTATOR

Rare Book Room
#56

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...covering the field of imaginative literature...

A. Langley Searles
editor and publisher

contributing editors:
William H. Evans, Thyril L. Ladd, Sam Moskowitz,
Matthew H. Onderdonk, Darrell C. Richardson, Richard Witter

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A57

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#58

Dear Mr. Hellaks:

Glad you came out with that note-taking [illegible] as "Hidden Tour of 1000", in which you need [illegible] old photographs to your takeaway pad to [illegible] your own personalities and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

#59

FLAME

- Barbara B. Wardwell

FLAME is a surgical incision

Cutting deeply into flesh of night

With a brilliant stroke.



FLAME lights darkness

Like a passing streak of heaven

Borne across the sky.

FLAME lingers slowly,

Dying only when spirits flee,

When there is no more time for light.

* * * * * * * * *

"MY FLAME"

- Maureine Anderson

It was a very tiny spark
When first it started,
But like a tree,
It grew and grew -
And now it burns wildly
My heart discovered
A constant flame again
For me.



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#60



Springfield, Ohio Seventh Kinkliny [illegible], 1946

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FIRESIDE *Chatter*



FIRESIDE *Chatter*



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#13

FIRESIDE *Chatter*



The Footling Conjecture

Vol. 1 No. 2 — 264 — October 1948

Guy Tenney — Evanston, Illinois

By way of explaining the name of this sheet:

Footling = trivial, piddling, foolish, useless; with or having the feet uppermost!

Conjecture = suspicion, an evil surmise, a contrivance or plot; supposition; inference from defective or presumptive evidence; guess!

Also see: "We Took to the Woods" by Louise Dickinson Rich, page 90, Book-of-the-Month Club edition, J. B. Lippincott Company.

* * * * *

Therefore with my feet up and full of imaginative suppositions, I guess it will be alright to proceed with a few useless surmises...

Just suppose that THE FOOTLING CONJECTURE had come out first a year ago in the fall: It would have been possible for me not to vote for Shattuck at the California convention. [This is possibly an evil surmise!]

Then too a vigorous feet first campaign could have been launched on inferences from defective evidence against Noel.

The above should show a few unhappy aj souls that the long silence of one new member is due to lack of time, not inclination, and not because I never read the bundles carefully. I must admit in some cases it's an awful effort to finish a few of the papers, and not always the mimeographed ones!

The following is transcribed from what was to have been called ... Impressions of Amateur Journalism ..last fall. [It's a plot!]

..."in aj paper was mailed to me regularly for several months. It did not leave the immediate-waste-basket category until a piece of useful information on [censored to prevent identification] was found. Later issues were looked over more carefully for more helpful hints and the publication seemed less corny if still peculiar. [If the shoe fits..but it may not be you!]

Since no further functional features turned up, nothing came of it until the spark of an aj convention at a time and place that was convenient fired a vague desire to see what on earth the 'hobby' was all about. Unfortunately, the meeting was only amusing and about as comprehensible to an outsider, even an inoculated one, as most pure shop-talk ever is.

"Actually, I suppose all aj shouldn't be judged by a young group that is a vigorous off-shoot of some kind. This mystery has yet to be cleared up. [It is now!] In some way my reading channels (science-technology and novels) don't run thru amateur journalism. Being a member of such short standing, only a few months of reading the previously mentioned aj paper, the impression is one of mountains out of mole hills and trying to build a noble purpose out of thin air. Lordy...why not admit you like to print if you do and like to write if you mimeograph! [There is also the cost angle!] The writer-members at the 'convention' seemed to be all recluses except this new upstart...me...at least those there printed and just wrote to fill their papers, hm, or used some one else's stuff acquired directly. [I see the Manuscript Bureau still is howling for meat.]

"Out of all the wrong ideas from this 'convention' or whatever it should have been called, the net gain was to decide not to join a branch but try the tree or at least one of the twin trunks. To this end the application blank long buried with the single recruiting bundle received was dug out, sent in about six months later, [!] and, lo and behold, letters, bundles and single mailings of aj publications, constitution, instructions, and a campaign brief flowed in embarrassingly fast. It begins [!] to look as though I'll have to publish and write to save my blushing unheard but "quoted" all over the place just because I spell my nick-name Gene and am a female!"

(If you fellows can't stand the idea of one masquerading under a

...over...

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FANTASY COMMENTATOR

#5

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A. Langley Searles
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#73

Formerly "Buck's Questionmark"

FEATURE

Vol. I Number i July 1949

Presenting the

FUNNIEST FEATURE STORY OF THE PAST SCHOOL YEAR

reprinted from

The Valparaiso University TORCH

Today in most of the English classes is T-Day. T standing for term paper.

You think YOU had trouble with these 1500 word nightmares? But wait, there is a student just about to throw himself in front of a train now. Let's get his story on the cause of his suicidal intentions.

We find this character is madder than the girl who was told that she had a figure like a shmoo, but with the help of some dope (no one you know) and a few strait jackets, we get a story from him.

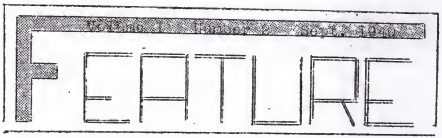
Yes, the cause of his mental collapse is his term paper. Here is the story in his own words:

BROAD TOPIC

"I'm going crazy! (this was an underestimation.) Four weeks ago, my English professor assigns a term paper. So I picks a topic--Music. 'That's too broad,' she says, 'narrow it down.'

A-PN 4827

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CONVENTION IMPRESSIONS: A JAY INVADES BROOKLYN

MY FIRST NAPA convention---the much-heralded "Brooklyn in '49"---was a fascinating and at times perplexing experience. The unexpected always happened and the most baffling problems would disappear and then spring up again suddenly like an ocean bouy in a hurricane; but in general the varied and confused incidents level into a few days of memorable events.

THE GREYHOUND MENAGERIE

At 5:45 EDT, Thursday, June 30, 1949, the evening Greyhound express left the Buffalo bus terminal and headed east. Strictly an air and rail traveler as I am, the mode of transportation was unexpectedly bumpy.

Riding all night in a half-conscious coma between waking and sleeping can produce a pretty groggy individual come 3 a.m. About that time I was shaken awake as the bus screeched to a halt. In the road ahead were dozens of rabbits--perhaps holding a family reunion--and we had to wait until they cleared the road. Then, Ah! back to sleep.

Half an hour later, I was again bounced out of my seat; again the vehicle screamed to

#75

5c **Fay Estate Weekly Gazette** 5c

The Friendly Little Paper with a Nose for News

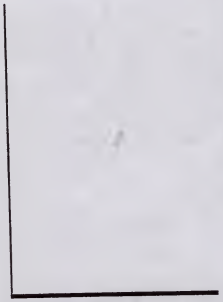
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The FEATHER DUSTER



January . . *Nineteen Forty-nine*

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The FEATHER DUSTER

April . . . *Nineteen Forty-nine*

#78



SUMMER
1949

An Experiment in Amateur Journalism

FAR AFIELD

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The FOREWORD

Vol. XXVIII, No. 8 THREE ARTS CLUB MAY,

Mr. JOHN H. HAMMOND

By VIRGINIA CLOUD

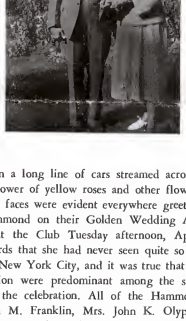
Any girl who has lived at the Three Arts Club in the past forty years knows a great deal about our President, Mrs. Hammond, because it is impossible to come in contact with her and not feel the warmth of her vital personality, but during the six years I have been editing the FOREWORD, I am sure that not less than a hundred people have asked me, "But what is *Mr.* Hammond like?"

That is a difficult question to answer in a few words, for there just *isn't* anyone "like Mr. Hammond". It is easy enough to say, He is a scholar, a gentleman, a man of the highest integrity, an authority on taxation, and a brilliant corporation lawyer, but none of these cold hard facts describe the kindly host of Dellwood with his marvelous sense of humor and ability to tell a story as no one else can. When his biography is written some day, perhaps a little of that keen wit (without malice) will be captured, and if the biographer is a man of insight and appreciation, the book should be a best seller.

But according to vital statistics, *Who's Who In America* says of John Henry Hammond: "He was born in Kentucky, in Louisville, and was graduated from Yale in 1892. In 1895 he received his L.L.B from the Columbia University Law School. He was deputy attorney general of New York State from 1899 to 1901 in charge of election cases. He brought charges against Asa B. Gardiner, then district attorney of New York County resulting in Gardiner's removal from office by Governor Theodore Roosevelt. He was formerly a member of the firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft, later Brown Brothers, Harriman & Company, bankers; and now of Dorr, Hammond, Hand and Dawson. He was former Chairman of Bangor & Aroostock Railroad Company: Director of All American Cables, W. & J. Sloane and the Greenwich Savings Bank. He was honorary chair-

(*Continued on Page* 3, *Col.* 4)

MR. AND MRS. HAMMOND CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



All afternoon a long line of cars streamed across 85th Street and the Club was a bower of yellow roses and other flowers, and hundreds of friendly happy faces were evident everywhere greeting Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond on their Golden Wedding Anniversary at the Reception held at the Club Tuesday afternoon, April 5th. Someone remarked afterwards that she had never seen quite so much *love* at any one gathering in New York City, and it was true that good will, friendliness and affection were predominant among the some five hundred people attending the celebration. All of the Hammond children were there—Mrs. John M. Franklin, Mrs. John K. Olyphant, Mrs. Benny Goodman, Mrs. Hammond Speiden and John Hammond, Jr. Of their sixteen grandchildren several were present, and the one great-grandchild, twenty months old Jack Rand sat on the stage during the entire affair and amused himself with his little sand pail and shovel.

The picture on an easel — a reproduction of one taken before their marriage in 1899 — was above a group of doves (made of felt and feathers), two large ones representing the parents, then below were five more, representing the children; under these were sixteen smaller doves (significant of the grandchildren) and at the very bottom was one little dove for the young man on the stage, the great-grandchild.

Following the Reception that night at their home, the Hammonds entertained with a dinner party of twenty-eight. Among the guests were four of Mrs. Hammond's bridesmaids, Mr. Hammond's Best Man and one usher.

Mr. Rockefeller sent a tub of fifty yellow roses and tributes and messages of affection came from all parts of the world from people whose lives have been enriched by the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond.

JEAN GEIS WINS PRIZE IN NATIOI FEDERATION OF M CLUBS CONTE!

Of the eighteen final co to participate in the Natio eration of Music Clubs cont in Dallas, Texas recently, o Arts Club pianist, Jean G top honors. She will have portunity to play with th Symphony in the near futu was awarded a thousand d First Prize.

Thirteen districts were re ed in the contest, one with of violin, piano and voice part.

Jean attends the Juilliard of Music and is a pupil of I Lhevinne.

ANNUAL RECEPT

The Annual Reception i held at the Club on Sund ing, May 1st, at 8:30 o'clo guests of honor will be Bernhardt, Carol Gleen (t of Eugene List), and M noted pianist, Sue Read and ly Basil Rathborne.

Mrs. Hammond will m opening address. There wi group of songs by Louis hart, a recitation by Sue l solo by Nancy Mullican, concerto by Jean Geis and solo by Julia Herrmann. Mr mond will then introdu guests, and those present w the opportunity of shaking with them. Refreshments served in the Drawing Room the Library. It is hoped tha non-resident members will l ent. This is the one time year for everyone getting to The occasion will be formal

X-PN 4327

#80

The FEATHER DUSTER

February . . . . . *Nineteen-fifty*

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SPRING

And a Second Number

FAR AFIELD

X-PN 4827

H32

THE FLORIDAN

#2 - January, 1951

PUBLISHER: Miss Amena Peacock, 1809 W. Burk Street, Tampa 4, Florida.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE !!!

I hope all your Holidays wer fine & that 1951 will be wonderful for you. Thanks to everyone who acknowledged my little Nol effort. Congratulation to all Author-publishers of Nov. Dec. [illegible]

VOLUME 1951

Before us, is a BRAND NEW BOOK ! It is VOLUME 1951, with crisp, clean pages extending an invitation to us to take pen in hand and record daily events. We promise ourselves to start each new day with an earnest prayer for guidance. We'll examine & weigh each word carefully for its merit before it is set down irrevocably on the snow-white pages. Let's resolve that NOTHING will mar their white beauty, nor must they be soiled by harsh words- never to be recalled- or unkind deeds- hard to forget! NOTHING - must be recorded therein that may give later cause for regret and the wish it could be erased!

#32



CHATTERBOX

Published by
Irma Reitci,
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. IV.
Third Chat.
October
1952.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

****

Pull up a chair, folks. Might as well be comfortable while I tell you more about the folks we met at the Los Angeles Convention.

Now let me see. I told you about the Saturday night Banquet in my last issue. So now I can go back to Thursday. (That doesn't make sense? Now look, Eddie. Who'se doing this? All right. So let me!)

Eddie and I got to the Clark Hotel late Thursday afternoon. When I registered I discovered that Mabel Gould (of Milwaukee) had arrived a few minutes before I did. She was as excited as a kid the day before Christmas, and enjoyed every moment of the Convention. And that California Sunshine must have agreed with her, too. She's still down there enjoying that.

But, to get back to that Thursday. When it came time for dinner, I went down into the lobby, and there was Eddie and Grace Moss, and -----

Each time I see Grace, she's more beautiful than the last time I saw her. And YOUNGER. There's a gal that must have discovered how to make Time go backward. And she always looks as if she'd just stepped out of a bandbox a moment before. So it didn't surprise me a bit, when on Sunday afternoon, at the meeting of the Alliance of Fine Arts, a man walked up to Grace and asked her if she was a Model! It was a natural mistake!!!

----- and a tall, lanky, smiling man, who turned out to be Sandor Esterhazy. Now, if you've read some of Sandor's very "Intellectual" writings, (He'll hate me for this!) you, too, may have a preconceived mental image of the man. You're wrong!!! He doesn't look like a professor, and he isn't half as old! In fact, he's a darned nice guy, and a charming gentleman! You do not have to take my word for it. Just ask any of the ladies who attended the L.A. Convention. What with our own "handsome" Eddie and Sandor vying with each other, the ladies were all royally entertained! I feel sorry for all of you gals who didn't get to the Convention, but--

There's still hope for you! Sandor promised to attend the Milwaukee Convention! And, of course, you'll want to meet him!! Not to mention our "fabulous" Eddie! So-----

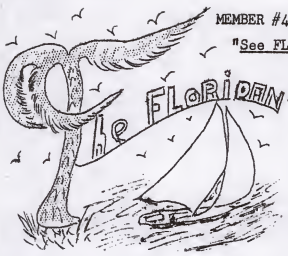
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MEMBER #437 - UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

#84

"See FLORIDA from TAMPA" OCTOBER, 1952

PUBLISHER: Miss Amena Peacock
1809 West Burk Street, Tampa 4, Fla.



J O L L Y R O G E R D A Y -

By Amena Peacock

Tomorrow is our annual Pirate Pageant, so why not come from all over the world to witness this spectacular extravaganza? I'm sure you'll enjoy it. What? Oh, you want a brief run down so you'll know what to expect? OK, I'll be glad to do that.

We'll get an early start to avoid the heavy traffic and to be sure to get a parking space in a downtown lot! We won't worry about a good spot to see the parade from because I've a couple of reserved seats. Another reason, is that way we'll get a choice space on the Lafayette Street Bridge from which vantage point we'll see the Water Show AND the Invasion. It's just a short walk to the bridge from the parking lot. They say there's going to be a wonderful Water Pageant and we don't want to miss it or the Rowing Regatta. Shortly before noon, the fabulous JOSEITO GASPAR, the lead ship of the Invasion Fleet, will hove into sight, followed closely by the rest of the Pirate Ships. It's quite an impressive sight and you'll love it. It's quite stirring to watch them thunder their way into Tampa bedecked with multi-colored flags and flying prominently the traditional black Jolly Roger flag, complete with skull & cross-bones! There will be hundreds of Pirates swarming up and down the rigging of the JOSEITO, brandishing wicked-looking cutlasses and murderously blasting their pistols. Booming cannons of the ship will be "bombarding" Tampa into a happy submission. At precisely noon, the Pirade Horde will make their beachhead at Plant Park Dock and, that same instant, all the whistles and sirens in town will announce the complete capitulation of Tampa to its welcome conquerors. With wild shouts, the Pirates will swarm ashore and claim Tampa as their own special prize.....and that's when we'll make hurried tracks back to town, grab a quick lunch and then to find our seats.

At one o'clock, the four-mile long Parade will get under way and you'll be in for a REAL treat as it unfolds before us. There'll be cleverly designed floats, dazzling in their array of rainbow-colors and tinsel. Gorgeous girls will adorn them, wearing extremely flimsy costumes. We'll be serenaded by numerous brilliantly costumed bands and we'll see prancing majorettes go thru intricate drills. There will also be beautiful, well-trained horses, amusing clowns, gigantic mummers heads and, of course, the victorious Buccaneers in their fancy pirate outfits and garishly painted faces. You'll be taking home lots of souvenirs thrown to us from the various floats. You'll have a GRAND TIME, I promise you!! After the parade, we can mosey down to the invasion dock and board the JOSEITO GASPAR and prowl around from stem to stern. By that time, I assure you, you'll be MORE than glad to go home....you'll be THAT tired!!!!!

Now that you've got an idea of what to expect...bet you want to come with me tomorrow don't you? UH, HUH....I thought so. See you tomorrow morning.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is definitely the MOST versatile actress of ANY medium!! During the 90 minutes of her program "THE BIG SHOW" on N.B.C. - - - - - she goes from HILARIOUS COMEDY right straight thru DRAMATIC PARTS!! If it's REAL entertainment you want, then listen to radio's best show!

→ BACK SOON!!!

N.B.C. attempts to always give you the best.....and their BEST is most certainly

T A L L U L A H B A N K H E A D

X-PN 4827

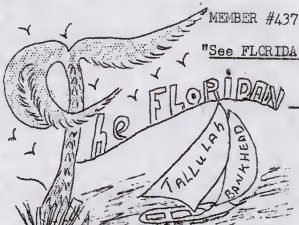
MEMBER #437 - UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION....

#35

"See FLORIDA from TAMPA"

AUGUST, 1952

PUBLISHER: Miss Amena Peacock
1809 W.Burk St.,Tampa 4,Fla.



D R A M A T I C I N C I D E N T

BY Amena Peacock

During one of our GASPARILLA DAY Parades in Tampa, a near-tragedy gave it a touch of Drama!

A man had selected for his viewing stand the 5th floor of an office building overlooking the parade route. He was fully enjoying the entrancing spectacle and, in an effort to get a closer look, leaned precariously from the window and lost his balance. Frantically, he tried to grab at the window frame, but was unable to do so and plunged headlong towards the packed crowd below. A great cry of sheer horror burst from the throats of people lined below across the street as they caught sight of the falling man and the heads of those directly under him were jerked upwards, their eyes and faces reflecting their horror of the tragedy about to happen. Their terrified eyes were glued on his body - terror for him and for themselves for they were so tightly massed they could not get out of the way! With unexpected agility, the figure in mid-air summersaulted into an upright position and as it passed a jutting flagpole on the 3rd floor by a superhuman effort he grabbed it and swung his legs over the slender pole. For a moment he rested on this precarious perch, but his troubles were far from over for all could see the flagpole, unaccustomed to such weight, bending downwards and the man unable to get a firmer grip slid from the pole and shot down again. The frenzied mob below milled about like cattle about to stampede, in an effort to move out of his way, but there was no place to stampede to.... they knew they were trapped! As he plummeted past a large neon sign, he desperately reached out and was able to get hold of one of its brackets. For a second, he swung back and forth, but again lost his slight grip and fell. Lady luck was smiling on the man, for he was able to catch hold of a chain dangling from the bottom of the sign. However, his sweaty hands could not grasp the chain firmly and he began to slide down the length of chain. He knew - as did the crowd below - that this was his LAST chance at salvation. They could all see there were no other gadgets he could hope to grab after he slid from the chain! He was doomed - he knew it and so did everyone else! He looked about him wildly as he felt the chain slipping slowly from his anguished hands on his face was a look of horror for he knew this was the end for himself and those his body would soon crush.

Vainly, he attempted to clutch the chain tighter. He tried to wrap his legs around it, to no avail. It was futile to fight anymore. Closer and closer to the end of the chain he got and as the last link slipped from his fingers, both he and those below gave an anguished cry. Then - miracle of miracles - as he once more started to fall downwards, for the last time this time, arms reached out from the second floor and grabbed him, halting his flight temporarily and then drawing him into the security of the office building.

A group of quick-thinking citizens had rushed up the stairs and reached the window just as the doomed man lost his last hold on safety. Through their combined strength and valiant efforts they had been able to pull him literally from the jaws of death. In the nick of time, they had averted a certain mass tragedy!!!

The massed people on the street, let out a loud sigh of relief then broke out into wild, spontaneous applause of thankfulness to their quick-thinking rescuers - thanks to their quick action the man had made a hairbreath escape - and so had they!!

LISTEN TO TALLULAH BANKHEAD and THE BIG SHOW every Sunday ------on N. B. C.
— T.V.,too — NEXT FALL!

X-PN 4827

MEMBER #437 - UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.... #86

"See FLORIDA from TAMPA" SEPTEMBER, 1952

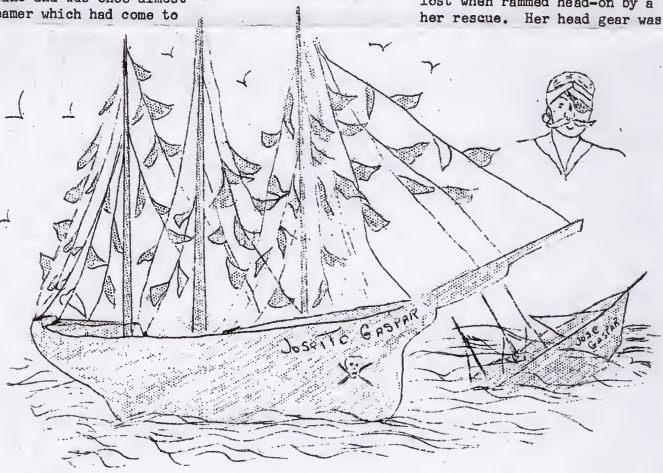
PUBLISHER: Miss Amena Peacock
1809 W. Burk Street, Tampa 4, Fla.

HAIL and FAREWELL!!

By - Amena Peacock

The Star feature of Tampa's annual "Florida Fair Festival" and "Gasparilla Carnival" during early February is the world-reknown "Gasparilla Day Parade", highlighted by an "invasion" of Tampa at high noon by that fiercest of all buccaneers, JOSE GASPAR, better known as Capt. Gasparilla! He sails into Tampa on his pirate flagship THE JOSE GASPAR overflowing with villanous blood thirsty cutthroats.

The original "Jose Gaspar" has long ago been sunk on its last foraging expedition, but the three-masted schooner which has been used is an authentic replica of the original ship and is manned by a pirate crew and the handsome counterpart of Gasparilla. Capt. Gasparilla had once been a high born officer of the Spanish Royal Navy. The men who assume the identities of Gasparilla and his pirate followers are all members of Tampa's YE MYSTIC KREWE OF GASPARILLA and prominent business men of Tampa dedicated to keeping the Gasparilla legend alive. The present ship was built in Rockland, Maine about 1894 and was christened THE WILLIAM BISBEE. For some forty-odd years, she followed the regular trade as cargo merchant ship up and down the Atlantic Coast and also made two trips abroad. Tho' always on peaceful missions, she had several hair raising adventures, amongs which were a bloody mutiny, losing a Steward during a howling hurricane and was once almost lost when rammed head-on by a steamer which had come to her rescue. Her head gear was



X-PN 482

#87



The Findlay FALCHION

JULY, 1952

MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

WM. WALLACE ELLIS, EDITOR
315 CLINTON STREET. FINDLAY, OHIO. U.S.A.

X-PN 4827 #88

FALLING STARS

Vol. 2 INDIAN SUMMER No. 2

POTPOURRI

If all the treasures in the world
were mine to give away—
The very first one I'd bestow
is HEALTH each passing day.
I'd add to this a goodly share of
PATIENCE and of LOVE
Then CHARITY and WISDOM, and
RESPECT for the Lord above.
I'd give an UNDERSTANDING HEART, and
add a bit of WOE
Not so much to keep one sad, but
enough on which to grow.
Add a HEALTHY MIND and AMBITION,
FRIENDSHIPS lasting and true
And a gay CHEERY SMILE,
One that makes life worthwhile—
And POISE and CONFIDENCE too!
Yes, all of these earthly treasures
For you as long as you live - - -
I'd give them away, each passing day
IF they were mine to give.

—Jeanne Laurette Sullivan

★ ★ ★

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#89



Title

Class

Imprint

Book

FOURTH RATER.

v.1,no.1-2, Oct.-Nov.1941.

New York.

F

#90

Friendly Thoughts

Published by Asa P. Colby, Rumney Depot, N. H. January-February, 1952. No. 1

Getting Acquainted

Thanks to all of those who sent notes and letters of welcome on my admittance into the U.A.P.A. family, especially to President Ellis, Wallace Tibbetts and Mary L. Silvia.

Thanks also for the birthday cards, Milwaukee topping the list with a "Round Robin" which I think must have been signed by most, if not all of the members there

My thanks also to Hobert Mottsinger who proposed me for membership. Up to this time I was not aware of the existance of such a group and now I find there are several with the same aim of encouraging writers and/or publishers.

Our magazine **Friendly Cheer** has been published continously for 20 years with the December issue, and its sister magazine, **"Neighborly Thoughts,"** for 12 years. The former publisher, on account of illness had to give up, two years ago, at which time I took over, without lapse. Our circulation is largely among invalids. shut-ins and older people who are in moderate or less comfortable circumstances and to these people we endeavor to bring messages of cheer, courage and a brighter outlook on life, here and hereafter. We shall be grateful for clippings or manuscripts suitable to this purpose. Whether we shall be able to furnish copies for the U. A. P. A. membership is a question as we have a full time job and this activity is carried on as a hobby or sideline and taxes our time to the limit at present in spite of all of our labor saving machinery—typesetting machines and presses, but we are attempting this special issue as a sort of introduction and using part of the name of each of our regular magazines as it's title.

Besides printing and publishing I have lately taken up the hobby of collecting automobile registration plates and shall be happy to have the aid of any of the U.A.P.A. members. We can use any plates in good condition, but are especially desirous of the older ones as those are fast disappearing and it is our desire to preserve as many different varities as possible. Your secretary has suggested that I include a shipping label to be sent to each U.A.P.A. member and you will find one with this sheet. From those states which are using date tabs only to validate the plate now on the car—we should like the old date tabs when you replace them with new tabs. Being small these are more easily lost or destroyed than are the plates.



Asa P. Colby, Rumney Depot, N. H.

Several of my friends have sent me plates which I prize highly, one being from the car of our Postmaster-General, one from a Senator's car and one from Hong Kong, China.

To John J. Quigley—Received the "Newsletter" minus the news (one side blank). For a two column format suggest you study, "The Man Says" and "Old Eagle Eye" which are good examples of this style. Even margins add to the attractiveness of this style.

To Mary Frame—Thanks for the use of your poem which I "lifted" from one of the sheets. Shall be glad to have you send manuscrips submitted to you which might be suitable for use in our magazines.

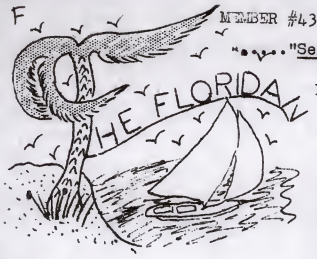
Fraternally, Asa P. Colby

The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done but cannot do for themselves.

—Abraham Lincoln

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#91



MEMBER #437- UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

"See FLORIDA from TAMPA"

NOVEMBER 1952

EDITOR-PUBLISHER:

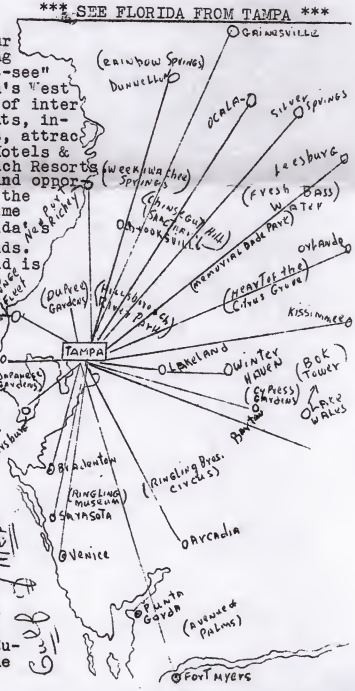
Miss Amena Peacock
1809 W. Burk Street
Tampa 4, Florida

TALLULAH BANKHEAD - The Nation's Sensation, is the Glamorous Star of THE BIG SHOW - which in the 1952-1953 Season will be on both Radio and Television - tune in on both over N. B. C.

TAMPA - THE YEAR-ROUND CITY

By - Amena Peacock

*** SEE FLORIDA FROM TAMPA ***



If you're planning a vacation in our Sunshine State of Florida, or moving in as a permanent resident, a "must-see" on your agenda is TAMPA, on Florida's West Coast. Tampa offers many features of interest to both vacationers and residents, including large industrial operations, attractive residential sections, modern Hotels & Trailer Parks, and proximity to Beach Resorts. It is a treasure land of sunshine and opportunity; the ideal City for "fun in the sun" and earning a living at the same time. Tampa is the center of Florida's West Coast industries and playgrounds. It is progressive in its outlook and is steadily growing. It is anxious to have you 'look it over' and give it your stamp of approval. I can personally vouch for its being a fine place to settle in permanently, having made it my home for some ten years or so. It is a Port City, being ideally situated and centrally located on Old Tampa Bay and it is Florida's leading industrial city and is surrounded by rich back country. It is replete with all types of transportation to and from other principal cities by Air, Rail, Road, and Water, for there are two major railroads; two major air services, three major bus lines; six large motor freight companies and its watervorne transportation exceeds 400,000 tons a year, with regular sailings to and from Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, Europe, The British Isles, Africa, the

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THE FRUITARIAN

"Mens sana in corpore sano"

Vol. 7 SEATTLE, WASH., 1953 No. 1

... HEALTH LETTER ...

DEAR FRIENDS: Evidently health does not grow on trees, and there are no privileged characters. So many don't take the trouble to conserve health. Last year we had been kept busy attending funerals of friends, relatives, neighbors. Mrs. Gourman lost three brothers, two sisters-in-law, one niece, one nephew, and many friends. Her nephew who died was only forty-one years old and a medical doctor. We couldn't tell them anything. We couldn't teach them. When we pointed out any danger to them, their answer was, "You don't know, my doctor knows." And now her fourth brother, and last one, is pretty sick; ninety-five per cent dead, five per cent alive. His doctors are reaping a harvest. With what he spends on doctors, one could take a dozen trips around the world.

Well, anyway, Mrs. Gourman and I, go on cleansing diets regularly and feel like living forever. Life is precious and joyous.

We have discovered a grapefruit juice that has the aroma of a lovely rose. Its taste is dipped in heaven. No man could duplicate its flavor, so delicious and tasty it is. It really leads to good health, long life, freedom of pains. Every one should learn how to use grapefruit juice. Let us remember there are dozens of varieties of grapefruit juice.

The limes we have now cost us hundreds of dollars before we located the spot in Mexico where they are grown. They are stronger in citric acid, richer in chlorine and in vitamin C than any other limes available.

These cold days are hard on us. Every time we catch cold, it weakens the heart and injures the blood vessels. Love life enough and health enough to put up a fight for them. We would like to hear from our old health students once in a while.

D. Z. Gourman.

Too Negative to Learn

School teachers are too negative to learn. They fear the new. They fear to live the unaccepted.

They fear to lose their job and to create opposition.

They desire esteem, position, honors, and so they accept the past and the opinions of those who have power.

And because they are so sensitive, hitter, meet material problems and opposition, antagonism, their inspiration for truth and beauty soon vanish from them.

D. Z. Gourman.

Today Only

Gather the harvest while we may. The season is mighty short; too short for the rich harvest we possess.

This is no time for excuses.

Beauty and unfoldment are in full bloom and going at a terrible speed.

The harvest season ends too soon for those who think it will last for ever.

Today only we have.

D. Z. Gourman.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.

—*Arabian Proverb.*

X-PN 4827
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THE FRUITARIAN

"Mens sana in corpore sano"

Vol. 7 SEATTLE, WASH., 1953 No. 2

HEALTH LETTER

DEAR FRIENDS: According to the latest reports only 8 per cent of the population of this nation reach the age of 68. Ninety-two per cent die before 65. Ninety-two per cent do all they can to destroy themselves. And it is not all due to heredity.

Here is a man who makes an effort to live longer. Charles Lang lives in Manchester, Washington. In order to get our foods he has to take the ferry to come to Seattle and spend one half of a day. He came to us in 1940, in a mighty bad shape, ready to throw up the sponge. That was thirteen years ago. He is now 74 years of age. You should see the two heavy shopping bags of food he carries with him for blocks and blocks. And he does it with a smile.

Charles Lang makes an effort for better health and longer life. But many of our old students do not. Since we quit business in 1947 many unnecessarily shortened their life. One said, "If others can eat wrongly, why not I?" They could not; and results prove it. Mr. Fletcher died. Also Mr. Barney—remember the janitor of the building? His heating system always broke down on the coldest of days. Bless him. I wonder what became of Mrs. McCoy? The last I heard from her was when she called me up from a rest-sanitarium. Her voice was low, feeble, in a whisper, hardly audible. The Gourmans did not have a store to encourage them.

There are no privileged characters. No one escapes. No one can hide. There are no dark corners to hide from the compensation when one violates the laws of health and happiness. Even the best of foods are not good enough. Growers are even trying to adulterate fruits, by crossing and recrossing, long before fruits grow and ripen. Growers over wish to satisfy false appeals, enemic appetites, degenerated tastes, blood streams full of poisons, glands ready to decay, circulatory system that needs artificial stimulants or without them become helpless.

Are you looking for better foods? Do you go on a cleansing diet weekly? Do you do deep breathing exercises? Do you take a sun bath? Are you really trying to conserve health or are you a friend of the undertaker?

Drop us a card once in a while.

—D. Z. GOURMAN.

More Than Wishing

If one wants health, he must do more than wishing. It requires loyalty to health, and constant fighting with forces that try to ruin health, especially with false appetite and negations.

Depend little upon others to help you and more on oneself. Others can not follow you around giving courage and directions constantly.

Each he his own doctor to a mighty great extent. D. Z. G.

Art of Love

Know how to use love and one will be a master of life.

Without love life is at its lowest.

—D. Z. G.

A-PN 4021

FREEDOM EQUALITY

#94

APOLIEN J. KOLINSKI --- EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
867 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF., U.S.A.

MEMBER OF UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Com

VIGIL

The old dog roaming lonely and bereft
Off all his gods, since men had gone away,
Leaving the faithful ones to frisk and play
Among the ruins that his WARS had left,
Would often watch at dogdom's sacred spot,
Where the last STAR-SHIPS rose with ATOM - ROAR,
Bearing the MASTERS to some curious shore
Where no dogs bark, where all that is, is not.

AND the old dog, a priest among his RACE,
REMEMBERED how his MASTER slew their kind
AND seared the EARTH with flame, yet with one mind
Would risk no canine life in untried space.
AND many a night he felt bristling dread,
When a strange prescience roused the sleeping birds
For he recalled the MASTER'S final words,
"I SHALL RETURN FOR YOU, ALIVE OR DEAD:"

by LILITH LORRAIN

FROM THE BOOK ----- WINE OF WONDER.

"FOR BIGGER JAILS" --- by JACK MCDONALD
Proff. MAC says, "THE AVERAGE CITIZEN SEEMS TO HAVE THE IDEA THAT JAILS ARE MUCH LIKE HOTELS, WITH ROOM SERVICE FOR EVERY ONE, AND IF YOUR COCKTAIL IS IN DANGER OF GETTING WARM -- ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO RING FOR THE BELLBOY TO FURNISH A FRESH ICE SUPPLY.

"AGGRESSOR NATIONS" --- by FRED JACOBS
PHILOSOFER JACOBS says," U.S. HAS CEASED TO BE WAR--LIKE AND AGGRESSIVE."

X-PN 4827
F

FREEDOM | MAY -- 1953 |

VOL.,2. No.6. | EQUALITY

APOLIEN J. KOLINSKI --- EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
867 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF., U.S.A.
MEMBER OF UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

ULTIMATE SURVIVORS

Let the laureates praise the rulers at the bidding of the State,
I shall sing the glorious rebels, they know that will is fate,
They who bivoac with beauty, they who rendevous with pain,
They The Ultimate Survivors, slipping from the tyrant's claw,
Out upon the plains of Freedom, past the letter of the Law,
Where the mystic and the Dreamer and the Poet and the Sage, and
The pioneers of Science are the same in every age,
Always fighters, non-conformists, towering over creed and race,
They whose sires have cursed the ATOM, as their sons shall conquer space,
Always raising fallen banners, lifting high the broken sword,
They upon whose haloed faces shines the glory of the Lord,
They who fight with losing causes with their backs against the wall,
Knowing that Tomorrows children shall take up the swords that fall,
Shall enthrone their lone lost causes, and fling high the Flags they furled
From the BATTLEMENTS of FREEDOM from the ROOF-TOPS of the WORLD.
They, the REBELS, hear them singing as they thunder out of time,
As they trample down the Axioms to the measure of a rhyme.
Hear them answer as they gather for the spirit's last crusade:
Byron, Shelley, Patrick Henry, Joan of Arc and Robespierre,
Jesus, Gandhi, Galileo, Lincoln, Carver --- WE ARE HERE!

by Lilith Lorraine.

ECONOMIC POLITICAL

X-PN4827
F

#96

FREEDOM & EQUALITY

DECEMBER 15th53

Vol 2, NO. 9

APOLLEN J. KOLINSKI --- EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

867 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF., U.S.A.

MEMBER OF NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

LEST DARKNESS FALL

These freedoms must not die, the right to speak
Though no man listen or though all men heed,
Though heaven answer from its starriest peak,
Though terror shake the echelons of greed,
this must not perish while the eagle flies,
While courage lives in blood, and brain and nerve;
The right of man to face both truth and lies,
And at his peril, choose which he shall serve.
This must write on, the unobstructed pen,
Wherever presses roll or books are made,
To voice the cry of unsurrendering men
Embattled on truth's final barricade,
All through the night the warning voices call;
"THESE FREEDOMS MUST NOT DIE, LEST DARKNESS FALL"

LILITH LORRAINE.

"500 FEET FROM OBLIVION"

On a trip of, for overnight camping and fishing with my friend, Fred Who is a painter, and 71 years of age, we faced eternity. A new olds passe d us, and prevented we from passing a slow car that was in front Was the cause.

"That jalopy is not going to pass me, Fred" I said, as I raced after it

X-PN 4827
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#17



A

Very Merry Christmas

To You

X-PN 4827
F

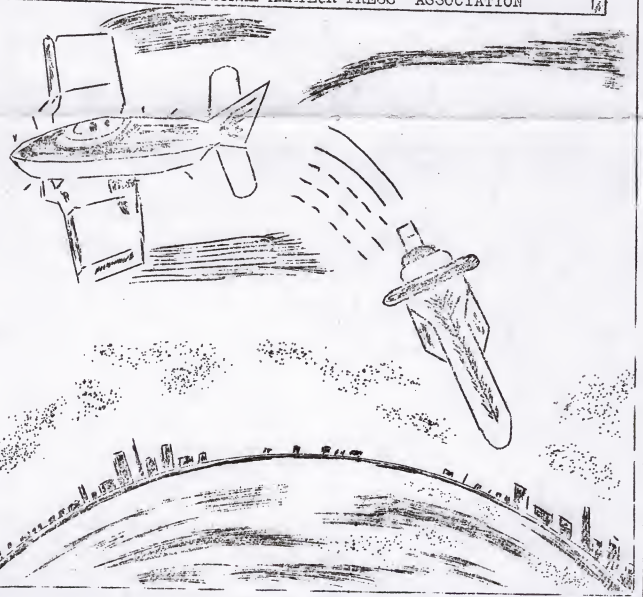
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FREEDOM-EQUALITY

APOLIEN J. KOLINSKI --- EDITOR --- PUBLISHER
867 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF.,U.S.A.

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X-PN 4827 #79

The Findlay Falchion

MAY 1954

DEDICATION TO GEORGE A. BOEHME

In appreciation for his untiring devotion to the best interests of UAPA during the past few years, this special publication is added to the May bundle—as a poetic bouquet from its writers, with all sincere wishes for his speedy recovery.

YOUR DEAREST PAL IS MOTHER

Times come when one feels lonely:
A smile is hard to do;
And life seems unworth living –
For outlook makes one blue.
Doubt-weighted footsteps falter
In the twilight of despair,
Till thought recalls a mother
With silver in her hair.

The memories of her friendship
Along the trail of time
Renew a flagging spirit
With confidence sublime.
Then, shunning needless worry
And fretting over care,
One rallies for that mother
With silver in her hair.

One journeys onward, often,
Without a selfless thought
About the joys of palship
That bygone days have wrought;
Until some need envisions
That trusting helper there
At "Home, Sweet Home,"
the while we roam,
With silver in her hair.

—T-Sgt. Marge E. Baker.
(22nd WAF Squadron, Offutt Air Force Base, Omaha, Nebraska.)

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4-MAR 3
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FREEDOM

MARCH 1st, 1954

EQUALITY

VOL. 3, No. 1

APOLIEN J. KOLINSKI --- EDITOR and PUBLISHER
867 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3 CALIF. U.S.A.

MEMBER OF NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

THOUGH CROSSES RISE.

Though the voice of PEACE be mute,
And the silence absolute
Where once rose the BATTLE-CRY
"Never shall these FREEDOMS DIE!"
Where the old and frightened men
Wave the sword and hush the pen.
And in senile idiocy
Ape the tyrant's tyranny --
There shall be an end to shame,
If the poets dare proclaim
Rising high above the throng,
"This is EVIL, this is WRONG!"
Even though the crosses rise
Tall beneath the darkening skies,
TRUTH may soar on FLAMING WING,
If the poets dare to sing.

by LILITH LORRAINE.

NOV 2 5
AP N4827
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#101

FREEDOM EQUALITY

OCTOBER 25, 1954

Vol., 3. No. 3.

APOLLINAIRE JOSEPH KOLINSKI --- EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
887 ELLIS STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

DARK IMAGE.

His cloak is lined with scarlet,
Red as the blood that drips
From human hearts, when offered
To him: His cruel lips ----

Smile,--- when on EBON ALTERS,
Hate's crimson flames leap high,
When brother battles brother ---
AT WAR'S INHUMAN CRY.

EMILE THOMPSON



X-PN 4827
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#102

FREEDOM-EQUALITY

APOLIEN J. KOLINSKI -- EDITOR - PUBLISHER
867 MISSION STREET -- SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF., U.S.A.
MEMBER of -- UAPA -- NAPA



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X-PN 4827
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FANTASIA

by

Julia O. Lengle

Number One Lake Charles, Louisiana, U.S.A September 1955

My Guest: MARY J. FRAME, 3300 Austin Avenue, Waco, Texas. Member of United APA, and the authoress of LET ME STAY A LITTLE LONGER which was recently recorded by RCA Ask for it at your local music store.

THE TRIP

by

Mary J. Frame

It is good for us to take a trip
Into some far-off place;
To meet again our kith and kin,
And look on some dear face.
To rest ourselves from daily grind,
And seek another view;
But the grandest thing about the trip
And all the joys we knew,
Is the glorious happy feeling when
A feller's startin' home.

Perhaps for weeks we've gone around-
Met friends of long ago;
And seen old places, memory-filled,
Because we loved them so.
We noted how the town had grown-
Rejoiced in progress there;
Yet, of all the things we've seen or done,
There's nothing to compare
With the winged anticipation when
A feller's startin' home!

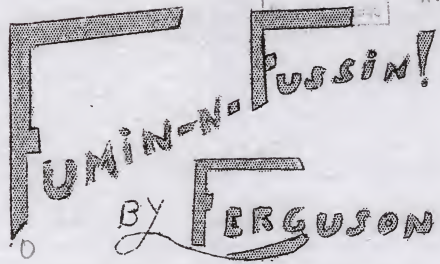
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Within the mind of most every living man and woman there lives a memory. A memory of a moment, an hour, a day, a night, or perhaps an entire month or year during which time there was crowded the enjoyment of beauty, the thrill of excitement, the pleasure of gaiety. Perhaps the memorial period of time is that when one found and knew sublime peace. Some store the moments when spoken or written words became an enlightened truth. There are moments of sadness which the mind refuses to release.

Regardless of the substance of a memory to an individual it is a something that is tucked away in that particular hide-away-place in the vaults of memory and neatly stacked on the shelves of the heart, Memories lay dormant, not dead! Dormant until such time the light of thought opens a door. Inactive they are until that bright light of consciousness shines upon them - when that light touches them they vibrate with life!

As we live this life given to us we gather and add to that store house, the store house of memories. The future of some men and women are guided by their memories. Memories stored by some cause them to live in the past.
I do not like to believe that memories are meant to be that which causes one to be alone, alone and lonely. I like to believe of memories as a something that is nourished with a gentleness of a touch - the touch of awareness. That gentle touching causes them to glow anew. I can not deny that with some individuals there are Memories of heartbreaking extravagance and it is only human that these, too, are sometimes recalled.

X-PN 4827
5 - AUG
#104



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: J.B. Ferguson
1979 Estrella Ave.
Los Angeles 7, Calif.

The day they say
That I can't say it
Will be the day
That life is forfeit.....

A LITTLE NEWS AND A LOT OF NONSENSE

X-PN 48277
F
#105

SEPTEMBER 1955
Number 5.

UMPN-Fusion!

by FERGUSON

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
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Editor: J. B. Ferguson
1979 Estrella Ave.
Los Angeles 7, Calif.

The day they say
That I can't say it
Will be the day that
That life is forfeit.....

SPECIAL!!!

"ROUND ROBIN"
by Leona Neals.....page 4.

A LITTLE NEWS AND A LOT OF NONSENSE

X-PN 4827
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#106

FUMIN-N-FUSSIN!

NOVEMBER 1955
Number.....5

By: FERGUSON

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Editor: J. B. Ferguson
1979 Estrella Ave.
Los Angeles 7, Calif.

The day they say
That I can't say it
Will be the day
That life is forfeit.....

SPECIALS!!!

Thanksgiving Message.....page 4
How to make an extra buck.....page 7

A LITTLE NEWS AND A LOT OF NONSENCE

#107

5-DEC-2
1955

X-PN 48 27



The Findlay Falchion

NOVEMBER, 1955

Copy.....1955

#108

FREEDOM EQUALITY

APOLIEN JOSEPH KOLINSKI --- EDITOR and PUBLISHER
867 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

X-PN4827
1F

FUNERAL

by Al Moets

HYpocritic tears and flowers:
Ostentation at the grave:
While the superstition-mongers
Smugly rent of souls to save.

Lo: The Ancients had more Wisdom.
For their dead -- No tears, no moan.
Let Pluto chase the ashes
As a rest from Persephone.

Since the days of Epicurus,
Saddled with a mental yoke,
Self-styled Masterpiece of Nature
Fails to notice Nature's joke...

THE	True democracies preserve!	b
	The right of every man.	y
F	The right to express	
R	An opinion of his own	M.
E	Allow me to stress	E.
E	What should be know n.	
D	Those, who give that right	B
O	To writers and poets - all	E
M	May their days be bright	N
	They hee d to freedom's call	
O	The Freedom of the Press	A
F	A most sacred foundation	M
	Only thus, shall we progress	I
PRESS	Give others, inspiration.	

#109

FISH ARE LIKE PEOPLE

Irma Reitci

ALL DAY LONG SALLY'S thoughts kept wandering away from her shorthand notes. It was so terribly important to get the right gift for Martha Fenton's birthday. It had to be different, yet not expensive. The Fenton's didn't believe in extravagance.

In the end, it was Butch who gave her the idea.

"Why don't you get her some goldfish?" he suggested, not looking up from the bicycle he was tinkering with.

Having been both mother and father to Butch since their parents died five years before, Sally recognized the sarcasm.

"There's nothing wrong with money or position," she defended. "After I'm married to Frank, you'll be able to go to college, and—"

"Who wants to?" Butch muttered. "Pop Weldon says he'll give me a job in his garage as soon as I graduate—"

"Pop Weldon! Oh, Butch, you're going to be Somebody in this town. Somebody even bigger than the Fentons!"

"Got to go see a man about a bicycle," Butch declared suddenly. "See you later."

Goldfish were something different, Sally decided as she went into the pet shop. And they wouldn't be too expensive. Sally felt sure Frank would approve.

"Yes?" The young man behind the counter had the air of one returning from a far country. "My uncle isn't in right now. Anything I can do?"

"Goldfish?" the young man repeated after Sally. "Oh," he grinned. "You mean goldfish!"

He had a nice, friendly grin, Sally thought. Not like Frank. He always smiled with reservations. But then, lawyers had to be reserved. Frank said so.

"How do you like these?"

X-PN4827
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#110
5 26
Copy 1955

OCTOBER 1955
Number...4

FUMIN-N-FUSSIN!

BY FERGUSON

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
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Editor: J. B. Ferguson
1979 Estrella Ave.
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The day they say
That I can't say it
Will be the day that
That life is forfeit.....

SPECIALS!!!

What's your hobby?.....page 3
Tips to Writers.....page 4

A LITTLE NEWS AND A LOT OF NONSENCE

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6 - DEC 28
Copy 1955

December...1955
Number.....6

FUMIN-N-FUSSIN!

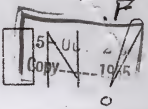
BY-FERGUSON

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



J. B. Ferguson
UAPA Member #1011
1979 Estrella Ave.
Los Angeles 7, Calif.

X-PN 48 27



#112

THIS IS NOT AN AMATEUR JOURNAL -- IT IS THE GROANING OF TORTURED SOULS

Yokohama - August, 1955

TWO YEARS of writing letters, of promises ignored and promises fulfilled, have yielded dozens of envelopes, packages, cartons and crates full of amateur journals, to replace those ruined in our fire, and to build up our files of older papers. The shelves of bound volumes begin to look respectable. But at least fifteen more volumes await only one or two missing papers before binding. We have sought a mere handful of these papers for two years in vain. Wanting those papers is growing into a grinding obsession, a shrieking frustration, a desperate passion.

WHO WILL SAVE US? Who will rummage through collections of old papers, of duplicates or unwanted papers, and find a few of these for us? Postage used in mailing these will be added to the funds accumulated by us for the Official Organs of the AAPA and NAPA -- depending on the affiliation (s) of the sender.

PLEASE TAKE A FEW MINUTES to look for some of these, and help ease the grawing torments that beset

HELEN AND SHELDON WESSON
15 Kaso-dai, Negishi
Yokohama, Japan

Vol./No.

AMERICAN JOURNAL (Kay) 3/2
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H.P.LOVECRAFT, anything by or about (stories, etc.)

WE HAVE A SUBSTANTIAL STOCK OF DUPLICATES, OLD AND RECENT. COLLECTORS WISHING TO TRADE FOR THE ABOVE, OR OTHER PAPERS WHICH WE WANT, WRITE!!

X-PN 4827
F

A FRAGMENT

Published by F. G. BISSENDEN,
41 Fabian Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6, England.

Number Nine — July, 1955

THE MAILING FEE.

I MUST say I am a hundred per cent behind those British amateurs who have voiced their opinions on this matter and who have condemned the charge. I would go further and say it is nothing short of an imposition and no-one can accurately estimate the harm it may be doing to the hobby in the U.S.A. and to the N.A.P.A. I say quite definitely, the N.A.P.A. mailing fee should be abolished. Look at the position in this light — printed magazines, the interest they stimulate and the opportunities they offer to amateur writers are, practically speaking, the whole object of an amateur press association. It seems superfluous to say that without amateur publications circulating among the members, the N.A.P.A. would soon cease to function.

X-PN 4827
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#114

U.A.P.A.
Member

THE FLYING CARPET

YEAR 1956
Issue #1

EDITOR: R.C. Rome.

2708 East Grand
Des Moines 17 Iowa

5 - FEB 24
Copy-----1956

PERSONAL INCOME TAX--THE TOPIC OF TODAY

Have you folks been "working on your income tax ? "

Are you listening to the siren song of the politicians soothing your exasperations with the lullaby of the "Tax Cuts to Boost Economy." Do you recall the good old year of 1932 when the allowance for "living expense" (personal exemption) was $3500 for a married couple ? Yet this year, when living expenses are almost double that of 1932, our congressmen voted the "living-expense" deduction at only $1200 . That is TAX NONSENSE. Protest to YOUR Congressman.

IF YOU have a 40 hour a week job that pays $4500 annually, the tax-collector leaves you only 26 hours and 40 minutes PAY for yourself. Monday, Tuesday and part of Wednesday YOU are working for Bureaucrats.

There are now TWO major classes of citizens.
One group is the "self-employed"-- most of whom honestly paid their personal income tax. Yet in this category are the racketeers and the sporting world characters-- such as Joe Louis, who has lived high on the hog while moaning he cannot pay millions of personal tax(see Sat. Eve. Post for story on his smartness). Racketeers can settle for 10¢ on the dollar with the Internal Rev. Bureau, while you and I small fry have the "tax" taken out of our paycheck BEFORE we get paid.

The SOCIAL CHANGE ENGINEERS have long range plans, clever plans, to nullify the 16th Admendment which was to protect free enterprize. The Graduated Personal Income Tax is a Marxian device that is silently advancing us into complacent socialism, welfare stateism and pauperism. GIANT CORPORATIONS are deliberatly promoting this social change, by non-resistance to the merging of Federal Income Tax and Social Security Tax "DEDUCTIONS" from EMPLOYEE paychecks without authorization from the employee. This same "deduction" device has now been extended to the forced "conbributions" to Union Welfare and Health plans and "forced" Community Chest "gifts" in secret agreements between BIG UNION officials and CORPORATION EXECUTIVES, The "right-to-work" clause is the black-jack held over the head of the employee who protests. And ANY "management" employee(not in craft) jepordizes his career by protesting. This is a national scandal that needs airing in congress.

IF you think taxes are merely to raise revenue--- then you are hopeless -ly confused and out-dated. the NEW VIEW (Bus Week Mag 12-17-55)

"The purpose is to attain broad social and economic objectives, such as ecomomic stability or better distribution of income."

ALREADY: That objective has been almost one-half reached: for in 1954 the PERSONAL INCOME TAX (Fed) Collected was 33 Billion. The Federal Sales Tax (10½) and the Corporation Tax (20½) both totaled 31 billion, and the Social Security Tax 5⅛ billion. In this grand total of 69⅛ billion, the personal income tax was 33 billion, or almost 50 %. Keep in mind that the "little-fry" ($1200-$10,000 income) were milked of $20 billion, mostly thru payroll "deductions".

General Bradley told the Congressional Committee that 13 billion was all money needed by the Defense Department.

WRITE TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN and ask him to TELL YOU IN SIMPLE statments, exactly how many billions are needed to meet the Federal

X-PN. 4827
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#115

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Apolien J. Kolinski ---------- EDITOR

867 Mission Street, San Francisco 3, California

FREEDOM EQUALITY

SUCCESS an' CRAFT --- by J.A. MacDonald

SOCIALISM ---------- by G.A. Boehme

THE BATTLE CRY OF 52 -- EDITORIAL

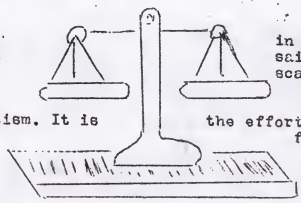
The Janitor Says "that





George Washington said that "The government of United States is not in any sence founded upon CHRISTIAN RELIGION."

Abraham Lincoln in a message to Congress in 1861 said "In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning against the approach of returning despotism. It is the effort to place capital on an EQUAL footing with if not above labor, in the structure of government.... Let them beware of surrendering political power. Which will close the door of advancement.

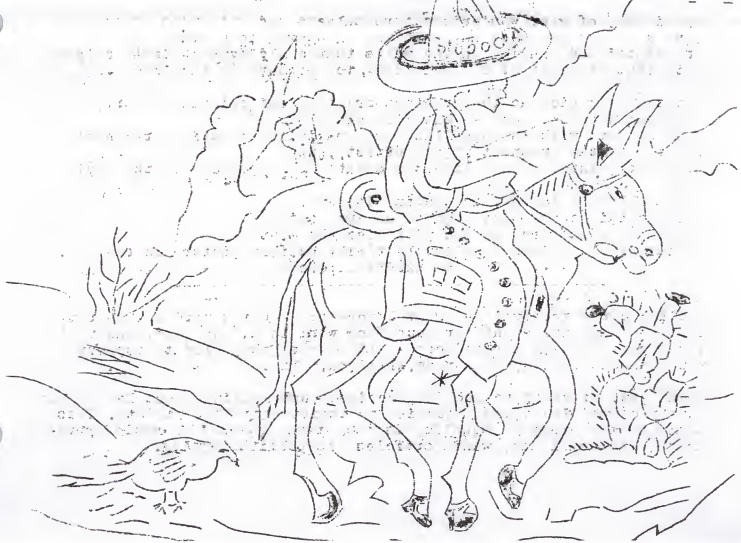


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FREEDOM
EQUALITY

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

APOLIEN J. KOLINSKI ------ EDITOR
857 Mission Street
San Francisco 3, California



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Fantasia

#117

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION- Julia O. Lengle
Editor- JUSMAG - AF SECTION - BOX B - APO 74 - c/o POSTMASTER
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

AUTHORIZED FOR DISTRIBUTION ONLY WITH UAPA

FANTASIA as defined by Webster: " A composition in which the author's fancy roves unrestriced by set form". That defination is why this sheet carries the name...So here is: Greetings to each UAPA member from Bangkok, Thailand !

Bangkok is often called the VENICE of the EAST, to thousands it is the MECCA of the EAST, and there are those that insist that it is the PARIS of the ORIENT. Bangkok called VENICE because of the numerous gulf fed streams that meander throughout the city; MECCA, a refuge for those that escaped Hitler's activities, and for those that are still escaping from what "a guy named Joe" started; PARIS, want it, name it, and look for it in Bangkok.

FOR THE RECORD: Bangkok has been SIAM'S, renamed THAILAND, capitol city since 1782. Briefly with history lets bridge the centuries. Thailand today is the Siam of the 12th century that peopled the Mengtze valley where was founded the empire of Nan-Chao. During the 13th century the Siamese founded their first capitol, Sukhotai, which lasted as capitol city for one century. During the 14th century Phra Chao U-Thong founded a new dynasty and established his capitol, Ayudhya, where Siam's Kings reigned for 417 years. Successive wars were waged with Burma, Ayudhya fell to the invaders and was completely destroyed in 1767. Taksin, a general of the vanquished Siamese Army, organized sufficient number of men and succeeded in driving out the Burmese. He established his capitol at Thornburi but did not found a dynasty. He was succeeded by one of his generals, one Chakri, who founded the present dynasty and established Bangkok capitol city in 1782.... Until 1932 Siam was an Absolute Monarchy, on 24 June 1932 a group of Army Officers staged a coup d'etat and were granted a constitution by King Prajadhipot providing for a parliment, one half of its members to be elected and one half to be appointed. King Prajadhipot abdicated in 1935. His successor King Anabha Mahidol was found dead 9 June 1946. His successor, His Majesty King Phumiphol Aduldoj and Her Majesty Queen Sirikit are Thailand's King and Queen today. They reside in Bangkok in the Grand Palace which is in reality a city, fenced in; surrounded by a water-way, and covering an area of over a square mile.

That bridges the centuries and brings us to 1954, Christian Era, with more data on Bangkok. Officially Bangkok is located a mere 13 degrees north of the equator with a population near two million. During the month of October 1953 the deaths recorded totaled 120; 770 births were recorded which indicates that Bangkok is still feeling growing pains. The average yearly rain fall is between 63 to 130 inches, The highest recorded to date was 260 inches in 1915 which must have been quite a DAMP year. There are over 300 Buddha Temples within the municipality and according to the Buddhist Era the year begins on 1st April and is divided into three distinct seasons: Wet, Cool, and Hot.

OFF THE RECORD: Season or no season the climate in Bangkok is definitely ALWAYS MID - SUMMER. A hint to those that might be planning a tour....DO bring along warm clothing for those rare times when the temperature and the humidity suddenly plunges..from a mild (?) 102 to a startling COOL 88 !!!